

George Washington University

# GHOST.



25¢

## ALL FOOLS NUMBER



# WE PRINT

THE GHOST  
THE TOWER  
THE PETTICOAT  
THE RAZZBERRY  
STRAYER TOPICS  
THE CAPITOL DELT  
THE ALUMNI NEWS  
THE UNIVERSITY HATCHET

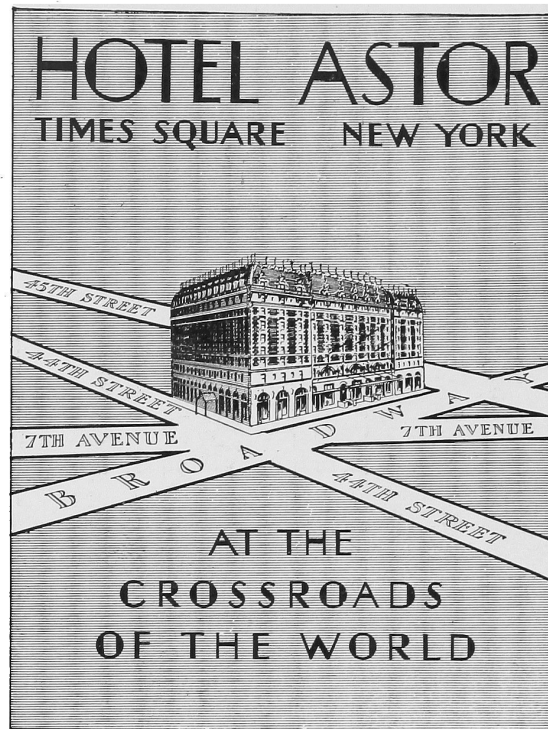


Main  
7578

Where Your Troubles End

Terminal Press, Inc.

923 Eleventh Street



## SOUTHERN ENGRAVING CO.

1702-4 F STREET  
WASHINGTON, D. C.



MAKERS OF  
BETTER

HALFTONES — LINE CUTS  
AND  
COLOR PLATES

Phone, Main 5853



**Barry:** "I've got the finest barber in the world but—"

**Moore:** "But—what?"

**Barry:** "But—well, if he'd only get on to LIFE SAVERS, I'd remember him in my will!"

# Co-Op Store

20th and H

TRY LUNCHING WITH US

Toasted Sandwiches :- Sodas :- School  
Supplies :- Felt Goods :- Books Exchanged  
Sheaffer Fountain Pens and Skrip Ink  
(Right Across from the Gym)

First: "I gave that man 50 cents for saving my life."

Second: "And what did he do?"

First: "He gave me back 20 cents change."

—Stanford Chaparral.

"What are you doing?"

"Oh, I'm working out at the shirt factory."

"Why aren't you working today?"

"Oh, they are making night shirts."

—Bucknell Belle Hop.

Conan: "What would you say to poor old Jenkins if we could communicate to the other world?"

Doyle: "How in hell are you?"

—Ski-U-Mah.

"Did you go to English Lit. today?"

"I never drink."

—Bucknell Belle Hop.



CAFETERIA

1315 N. Y. Ave. N. W. 1330 H St. N. W.

Daily—11:30 to 3 4:30 to 8 Sunday—4:30 to 8

FRANK P. FENWICK, Proprietor

Buy Accomodation Tickets and save Money  
\$5.50 for \$5.00

# PAUL PEARLMAN BOOKS

COLLEGE — MISCELLANEOUS

CURRENT FICTION

JOIN OUR CIRCULATING LIBRARY

NOTEBOOKS — CARDS — STATIONERY

1711 G STREET N. W.

MAIN 3543

THE NEAREST STORE TO THE UNIVERSITY



From Fabric to Fit

"Made for You"

THE dash and spirit of the American college man is woven into the fabric. The model takes its design along the latest college lines.

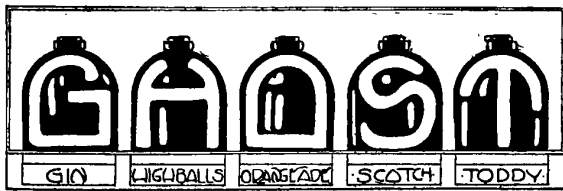
The garment itself is cut and tailored to your own measurement in the careful EDWARD way. In short EDWARD clothes thru and thru are made for the college man.

\$2875 and \$3875

Meet our Bill Hughes at the Co-Op Store Friday afternoons.



EDWARD CLOTHES  
MADE FOR YOU



Copyright 1927 by the George Washington University Press Club, Washington, D. C.

Exclusive reprint rights granted to College Humor. This magazine is copyrighted and must not be reprinted without permission.

All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager; all literary contributions and communications with reference to literary matter, should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief; and all drawings should be submitted to the Art Editor.

Vol. III

March, 1927

No. 3

**Don't be a ghost!**

**—Eat at THE CLEVES**

1819 G Street

Obadiah: "Brown got kicked out of school this morning for cheating in an astronomy exam."

Josua: "Copying?"

Obadiah: "Naw, the professor caught him bumping his head against the wall."

—Chaparral.

Simple: "What kind of a fellow is Jack?"

Tom: "Well, when he gets in a taxi, they leave the 'vacant' sign up."

—Pitt Panther.

He: "I suppose you dance?"

She: "Yes, I love to."

He: "Great, that beats dancing any time."

—Virginia Reel.

Teacher: "Are you sure this is a perfectly original theme?"

Stude: "Not exactly; you may find one or two words in the dictionary."

—Alabama Rammer-Jammer.

"I've had to read through a terrible lot of books this semester."

"Gee, I'd like to read them."

—Mink.



## WARDMAN PARK HOTEL

**Music by Boernstein's  
Wardman Park  
Orchestra**

Cover Charge

**FIFTY CENTS**

Monday to Thursday,  
inclusive.

Friday and Saturday

**ONE DOLLAR**

Phone

**Columbia 2000**



## G. W. U.

**PENNANTS -:- PINS -:- BELT BUCKLES**

**-:- STATIONERY -:-**

**FOUNTAIN PENS**

**PARKER — WATERMAN — SHAEFFER**

**TRY OUR SUPERB SANDWICHES**

**Sundaes and Sodas RIGHT**

**QUIGLEY'S**

**Prescription Pharmacy**

Cor. 21st and G Streets N. W.

Franklin 6591 - - Phones - - Franklin 6461

## L. G. BALFOUR COMPANY

**OFFICIAL FRATERNITY JEWELERS**

**Banners and Pennants Stationery**

**Plaques**

**Dance Programs**

**Favors**

**Novelties**

**Fraternity Jewelry**

**Fraternity Badges**

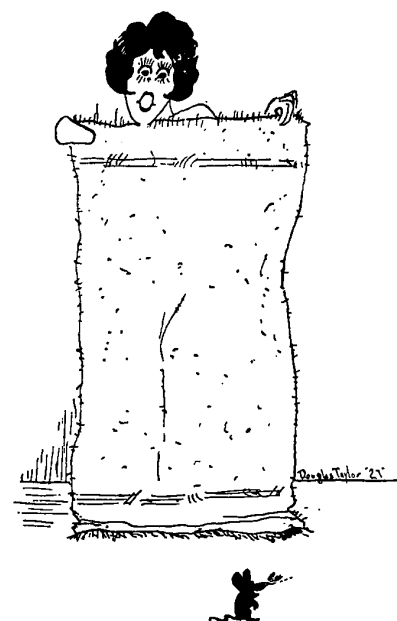
## G. W. U. CLASS RINGS

**Stephen O. Ford  
Manager**

**Room 204  
1319 F Street N. W.  
Phone, Main 1045**



# All Fools Number

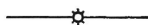




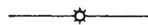
# GHOST



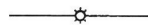
Dentist (to talkative patient): "Open your mouth and shut up."



Andy: "What do you think of my girl?"  
Mandy: "Her father must have lots of money."

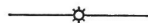


"Did you have a nice time at the banquet?"  
"Swell. None of the speakers showed up."



"What makes you think you stand in good with Gertrude?"

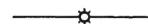
"I called her on the phone the other night, told her to guess who it was, and she only made three attempts before she guessed my name."



Not all the participants of Custer's Last Stand were killed by the Indian's tomahawk. We must remember the four Scotchmen who died of grief because they had gotten haircuts just before the massacre.

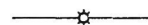
Page Four

Then there is the Scotchman who starts in the middle of a book, so that he can not only guess as to how it ends, but also how it begins.



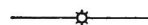
Tip: "The women are going crazy over the latest fashions from Paris."

Top: "Yes, the styles are sort of going to their heads."



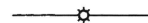
Joe College (in barber's chair): "Is my scalp dirty, or is it my imagination?"

Barber: "Well, your scalp is clean."



"Have you kissed the bride?"

"No, I used to go with her."



Horse: "Does long hair make a man look wise?"

Collar: "Yes, unless it's on his coat sleeve."



GETTING THE MOST OUT OF COLLEGE



# GHOST

## WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK

Beta dime I know what was Delta.  
If you Psi I'll knock you for a Rho.

When shorter dresses are made women will wear them.

He (trying to start car): "This darned self-starter refuses to work. There is a short circuit somewhere."

She: "Well, let's lengthen it."

## A LAMENT

My shirt tail is out,  
My shirt tail is out,  
Out where the vest begins.

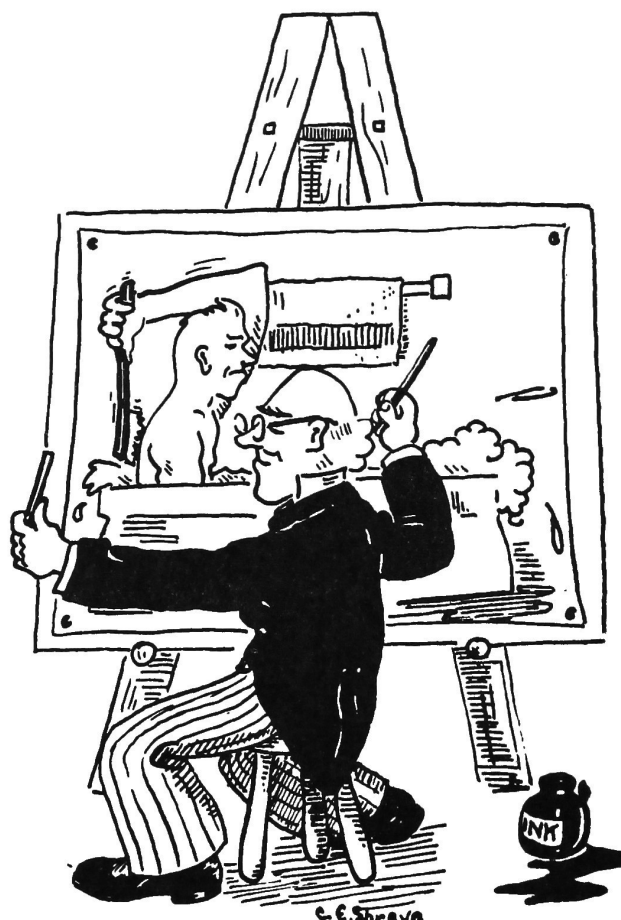
"Parson," said one of the colored brethren, "I'se worried. When I gets to Heaben how is I gwine to git ma shirt on ober ma wings?"

"Don' chew worry 'bout wings, Nigger," replied the parson, "What chew gotta worry 'bout is how you is gwine to git yo' hat on over your horns."



Dot: "Has she any school spirit?"

Dash: "Has she? Why, she won't even ride the Georgetown street cars."



HAWKINS, DRAWING HIS MASTER'S BAWTH

The inhabitants of Shanghai seem to be losing their heads.

"Do you know anything about the newspaper business?"

"No, not a thing. Do you?"

"No. Let's start a tabloid newspaper."

Salvation Nell: "Do you want to join the Salvation Army?"

Old Man: "Who are they fighting?"

"What is the hardest thing in the world to command?"

"A good figure."



# GHOST



Frederick E. Youngman .....	Editor-in-Chief
Howard M. Baggett .....	Business Manager
R. Campbell Starr .....	Treasurer
Rowland Lyon .....	Art Editor
Joe D. Walstrom .....	Humor Editor
Elbert L. Huber .....	Asst. Humor Editor
Rolston Lyon .....	Circulation Manager
Julian Turner .....	Asst. Circulation Manager
Milton L. Dennis .....	Manager of Accounts
Sherman Johnson .....	Literary Editor

Literary Contributors: Walter Mark Slavik, Margaret Loeffler.

Art Contributors: Jeanne Miles, Douglas Taylor, Peggy Somervell, Marion Stewart, H. J. Klinge, Chas. E. Shreve, Helen Buchalter, "Brick" Mason.

Cover by "Chick" Chittick.

Faculty Advisor: Henry Grattan Doyle.



F this were a real editorial we would expatiate at length on the origin of "All Fools' Day." However, we undertook no research on this subject, and consequently know very little about it, except that it happens on April the first, and those who were born on that day are the innocent victims of feeble wisecracks.

It's a great day for the people of stunted intellect. They get no end of fun by offering you candy flavored with cayenne pepper; or telling you to call Mr. Lyon or Mr. Fox at a certain phone number (which happens to be the Zoo); or pinning a sign on your back which says "Kick Me."

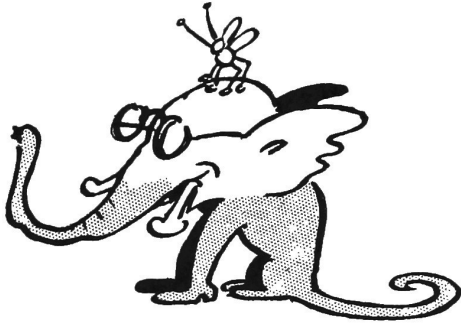
Such persons would doubtless get a big kick out of pushing baby chicks into the creek, and the best thing to do is to humor them until the opportunity presents itself, then carefully stab them through the heart with a small dirk.



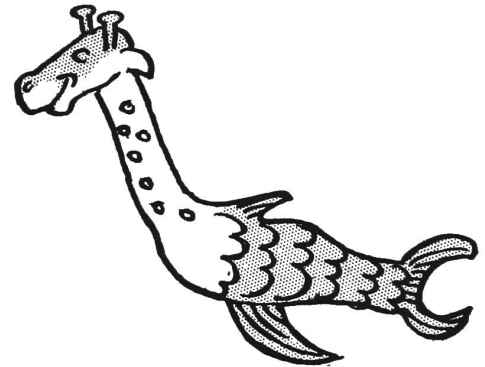
# GHOST

## Don't Feed the Animals

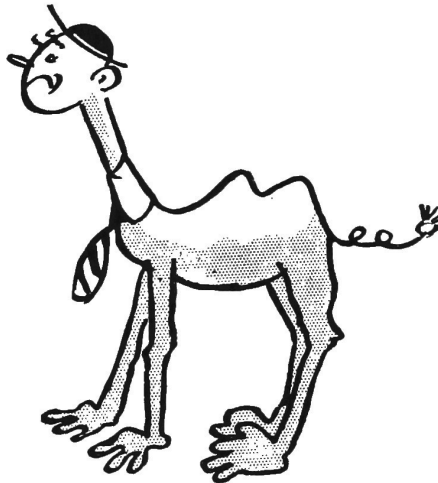
As you have probably read in the papers, we sent an expedition into the Gobi Desert to find new species of animals, so that the children could have something different in the way of animal crackers. It is with pleasure that we present the new-style animals, showing the 1928 models.



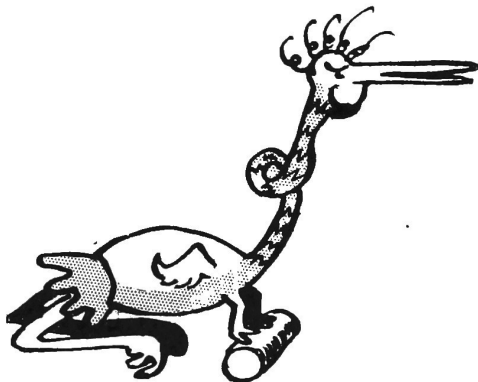
Although you would never guess it, this animal is carnivorous. It is a member of the cat family, and frequents only the darkest of alleys. We had a hard time getting a snap-shot of this specimen, which is almost as camera shy as a movie actress returning on the Leviathan.



This animal not only consented to let us sketch his portrait, but also insisted on telling us the story of his life. It is thought that he must possess a slight strain of Irish blood, for never before have we encountered anything with such a heavy line.



Before he died, Luther Burbank grafted a rhinoceros with a humming-bird, and the startling result is shown here for the first time. This beast is just as intelligent as many people we know (with the possible inclusion of ourselves).



When trying to get a picture of this brute our cameraman was almost gored to death. Just another example of what hardships beset us in publishing this magazine. We don't know much about this beast, except that it prefers brunettes and rarely takes a bath.

Sketches by Rowland Lyon.



The contraption just above is indeed rare. While waiting for this animal to come get a drink, our photographer had to remain cramped in one position for six hours. This long wait was bad enough, but to top it off he also mashed a tomato, which he was carrying in his pocket for future consumption.



# **GHOST**



She: "What do you think of my new knight?"  
Her: "A lot of things I shouldn't."

Absent - minded professor's wife to her husband: "Something must be done, dear; the moths are eating up all of your clothes."

The A-M Prof.: "I'll speak to them in the morning."

English Visitor: "I feel just like a piece of lamb. Wherever I go they roast me."

Page Eight

Miss 1920: "Blow some my way."

Miss 1927: "Gimme one."

## NECK AND NECK

A. B.: "He's always up to his neck in his work."

M. A.: "What's his profession."

Ph. D.: "Oh, he's a movie actor."

## ARE I.C.S. GRADS ELIGIBLE?

An old man was seated on a park bench, the very picture of dejection. Another man came and sat down by him, and upon perceiving the old man's sorrow, ventured to ask him the cause of it all.

"Oh, everything's gone wrong," said the old fellow morosely. "My business is bankrupt, my wife has left me, I haven't any money, and the doctor told me I had a cancer."

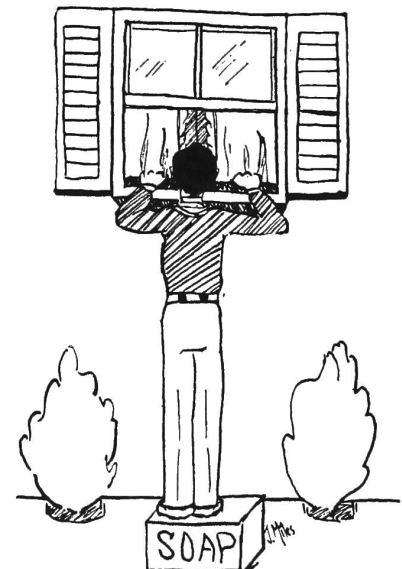
"Why don't you commit suicide?" inquired the neighbor.

"I would, but I'm not a college student."

People who show good form should live in glass houses.

"Are you a musician?"

"No, the barbers in our town are on a strike."



LITTLE BEAU PEEPS

# GHOST

## TERRIBLE

Baseball Fan: "And then Goslin came home on a liner."

Fair Companion: "Goodness, I didn't know he was abroad."

Prof. (in biology): "What animal comes the nearest to man?"

Student: "The cootie."

"Is baseball your favorite game?"

"No. I prefer bear steak with olives."

We know a guy who was so dumb he thought guerrilla warfare was hunting gorillas.

The fraternity problem: "Is this a formal dance, or can I wear my own clothes?"

Bread: "He's painting a picture of me learning to skate."

Butter: "How many sittings did it require?"



*The above portrait is either a Van Dyck, a Rembrandt or a Rubens, we can't tell which. Anyway, it was painted just after the artist went blind. However, we are getting away from our subject, which happens to be the political situation in Washington.*

*There seems to be some parlor talk these days as to whether Calvin Coolidge (now President of the U. S.) will run for a third term. This brings us up to our story. Calvin, it is said, was prowling around the White House grounds recently, presumably looking for cigar stubs. One of the White House squirrels, seeing our Chief Executive, scampered over to him and said:*

*"Cal, is it true that you are going to run for a third term?"*

*"What's it to you?" queried Mr. Coolidge, in his best nasal twang.*

*"Well, I just want to know how to cast my vote."*

*"I wish you pesky critters would stop bothering me," said Calvin. "You squirrels don't have the voting franchise nohow."*

*How's that for putting the dumb animals in their place? Huh?*

Bull: "That blind date I had is all off."

Dog: "What's the matter? Couldn't she see you?"

"Have you ever drunk all you wanted."

"No. They don't make the bottles that big."

Our idea of a soft job is to be barber at the House of David.



THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWINX THE SOAP AND THE HIP



## Two Movie Scenarios

### I. "THE YELLOW PERIL"

The characters are Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed, who have been married for about a year. First scene shows Mr. Newlywed struggling in the subway, coming home from office. At home, Mrs. Newlywed is sitting before the fireplace, crooning a soft lullaby (use Vitaphone), and sewing a tiny garment. Husband enters and comprehends everything at one sweeping glance. He at once registers perturbation and amazement.

Subtitle: "Why, dear, I had no idea——"

Wife looks up with reassuring eyes and says:

Subtitle: "Calm yourself, John, it's only my new evening dress."

Closing shot shows Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed before the fireplace in deep meditation, or else the morning sun rising over the treetops on a new day.

Closing Subtitle: "Help prevent forest fires."

### II. "UNREQUITED LOVE"

The scene is a desert isle, with monkeys jabbering in the cocoanut trees. The characters are two castaways, who are sole survivors of a wreck at sea. The supply of bully beef has been ex-



" ROLLO LYON

"How did you feel after the doctor removed your appendix?"

"Well, for a while I thought he had taken out my whole table of contents."



Baby Face

hausted for a long time, and the survivors have resorted to bananas and cocoanuts. Finally these are gone, too. Day by day the two men grow more restless, the intense hunger gnawing at their vitals. One of the men, whose name is Egbert, opines:

Subtitle: "Gee, if only food would come from somewhere."

The other man, also named Egbert, says:

"Gosh, I wish I had something to eat."

One morning a box is washed ashore by the waves, and the two men hasten to it.

Subtitle: "Maybe it's canned peaches."

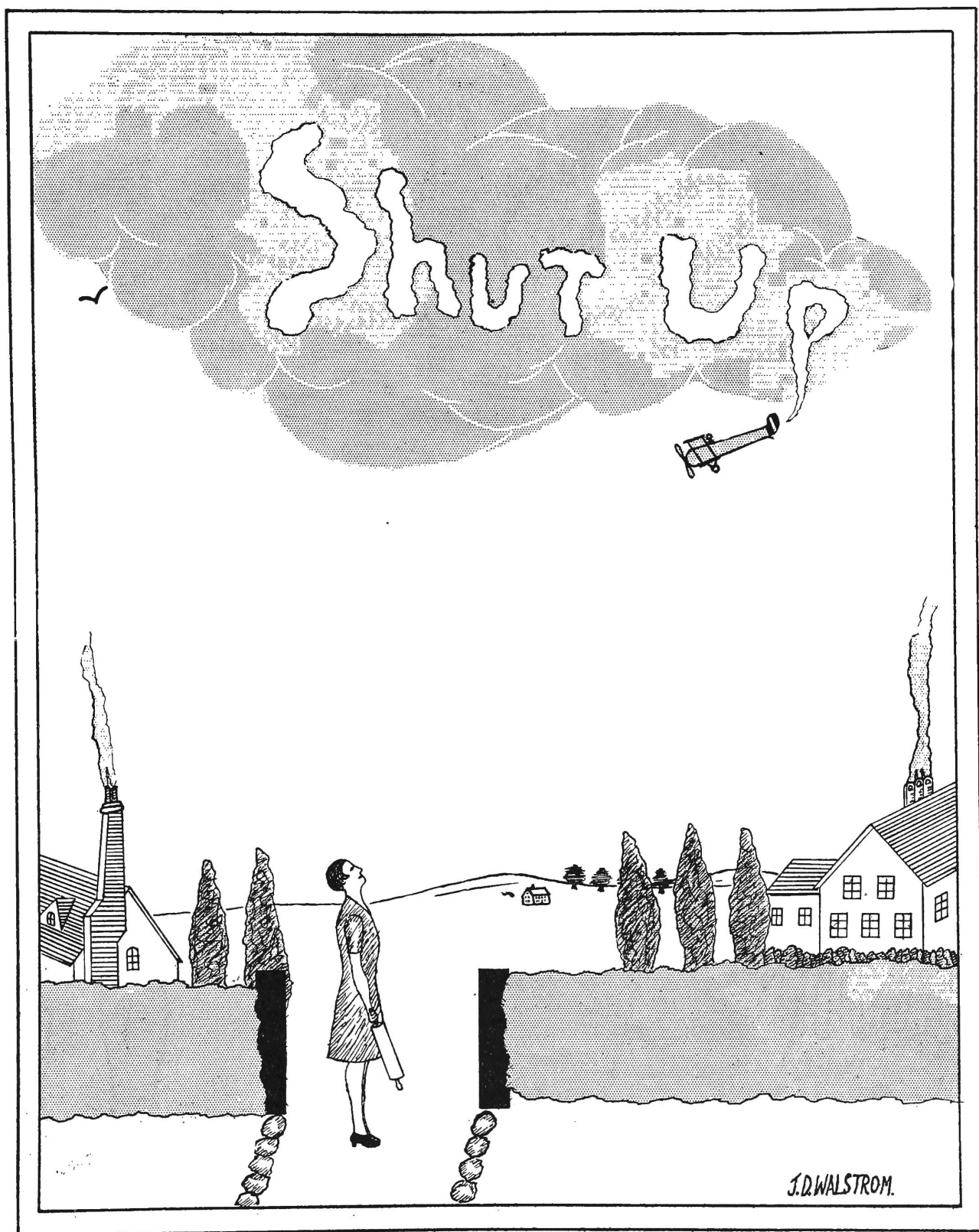
Subtitle: "Or maybe it's pickled tripe."

Turning the box over on its side, they see the label, "24 dozen White House Cook Books." Both Egbert and Egbert then go to the nearest hot dog stand and eat ever so many hot dogs. They suffer an attack of the rickets, and both of them die without making a will. There is no moral to this.

Closing Subtitle: "Order your winter coal now."

—J. D. W.

# • GHOST •



THE SKY WRITER FINALLY GETS THE LAST WORD WITH HIS WIFE

# GHOST

Brakeman: "Everybody jump for your lives. The next bridge has been washed out and we'll go in the river sure."

Scotchman: "Why did I buy a round-trip ticket?"

One ingenious shoe dealer bought his son an automobile so that he could make the girls walk home.

"For the past three months I've been looking high and low for Jim, and can't find him. Maybe he's dead."

"Well, if he's dead, you won't need to look in the high places."

Mrs. Murphy: "My husband is the kind of fellow that calls a spade a spade."

Mrs. Jones: "Mine used to, but since he's started to dig up the garden he has three or four other names for it now."



"My, but that girl's dumb."

"How come?"

"When the night club was raided she thought it was the signal for a Paul Jones."

Page Twelve



## Prom Girl

By SHERMAN JOHNSON

*Are you the same, that walked with me  
Last spring, among the campus  
trees?*

*When last year's songs you sang to  
me—  
Warm melodies.*

*You who were here for just one day,  
For just one prom, like Ares' hour  
With Aphrodite, then away,  
Like some spring shower.*

*Discount the effect of moon and gin,  
Of "Always" and the dull refrain  
Of later days, when shut within,  
I watched the rain.*

*Come back, my dear, for party days.  
As if we never met before,  
We will forget, and find new ways  
To love once more.*

"Are you the oldest in your family?"

"Why, no, I rather think my father and mother are slightly older than I am."

Isobel is so dumb. She thinks Gene Tunney is a fighter.

Chemistry Prof.: "First we will take some prussic acid. . .," and soon they had formed a suicide club.



"What makes Jack think he's a musician?"

"Oh, I guess it's because he has drums in his ears."





# GHOST



"If I told you I loved you what would you say?"

"I'd say you weren't telling the truth."

"You'd be right."

A woman is as old as she looks, while a man is old when he stops looking.

Co-Ed: "I want something to wear around my dormitory."

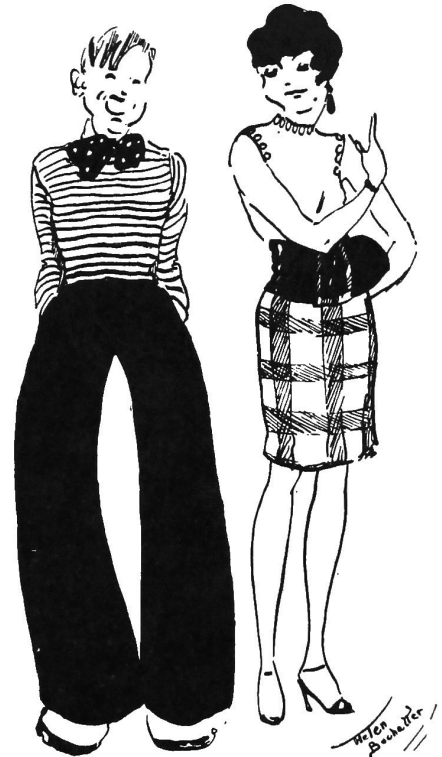
Saleswoman: "How large is it?"

She was only a grocerman's daughter, but she surely did know her onions.

Customer: "I want one of those Chamber of Commerce thermometers."

Clerk: "I'm afraid I don't know what you mean."

Customer: "One of those kind that never goes above 85 in the summer and below 50 in the winter."



"Do you believe in dreams?"  
"I did before I married one."

## Farm Relief OR WHAT HAVE YOU?

A Moral Didactic Work, by Rowland Lyon

Farmer Brown and all the little Browns were having a party in the barn.

"Let's have a peanut hunt," cried all the little Browns in unison.

"Oh, goody, goody, goody, goody, double-goody," cried little Hash Brown, and "Peachy, peachy, pe-e-e-achy," cried little Dull Brown, Hash's brother, but Brown Derby, their little cousin, began to cry and said he wanted to play post office.

Father Brown was furious. "Children, let us not dispute!" he began, and would have said more but he was drowned out by the mooing of the cow with the crooked horn.

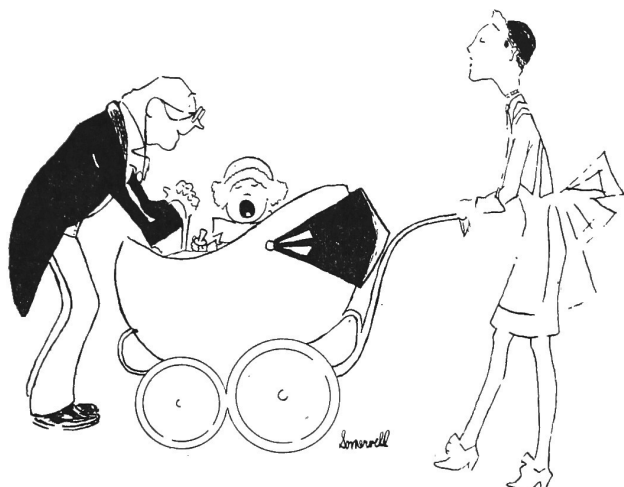
"Drat that cow," he gulped, and broke out into tears. High Brown and Low Brown, two more of

the pernicious family, began playing mumblety-peg with pitch forks. High Brown, while manipulating a difficult and intricate pitch from behind his left ear with his right hand, made a perfect bull's-eye on Maud the mule. This lady's (?) reactionary kick placed Low Brown in the hay loft. This started a furious tumult among the guinea fowl in said loft, who modestly had a nest in the exact spot where Low Brown landed. Then the cows began to moo and the guinea fowl to guinea, and Maud made an awful noise, and all the Browns began to yodel, and Farmer Brown swallowed his cud. The din was terrific.

Then lightning struck the barn.

The moral (we gotta have one) of this story is: Barn parties can be worse than G. W. hops.

# 



Old Gentleman (to nurse): "Is it a boy or girl?"  
Sophisticated Infant (yawning): "What difference does it make?"

## — \* — The Typical Modern Novel

Being an Imagined Excerpt in the Tone of the Light  
Society Fiction of the Day

It was Winthrop, thought Helen, knocking at the door again. If only he wouldn't drink so much. Why did he do it? Why? . . . The setting sun streamed through the French doors as Winthrop Carter entered and gazed upon the scene of disorder. . .

"Winthrop. . ." He crossed the room at a single bound, clasping Helen in his arms. . . "Winthrop!"

Several couples disentangled themselves from sofas and chaises-longues, gazing in a bored way at the tall blond young man. A glow of recognition crossed the ascetic features of F. Stew Fitzcohen, the celebrated novelist.

"Why, it's Winthrop," he exclaimed. "Just in time for tea. Though we've not got any tea—can't I offer you a cocktail? Helen doesn't like tea, and it's Helen's party."

Winthrop drank slowly; he and Helen ignored Stew. After all, he was only Helen's husband. How boring that he had come to, reflected Helen.

With a resigned air, F. Stew Fitzcohen turned back to his drink. This new system of life was

Page Fourteen

too much for him. . . Ah, well, he would write another book about it.

And what a book! With the fourth drink, the reality of the scene faded away from him; even the protesting girl who was trying to talk to him paled into absolute insignificance. His book would explain all—the search of youth for more substantial happiness—youth drinking the heady wine of life. . . How sleepy he was! . . .

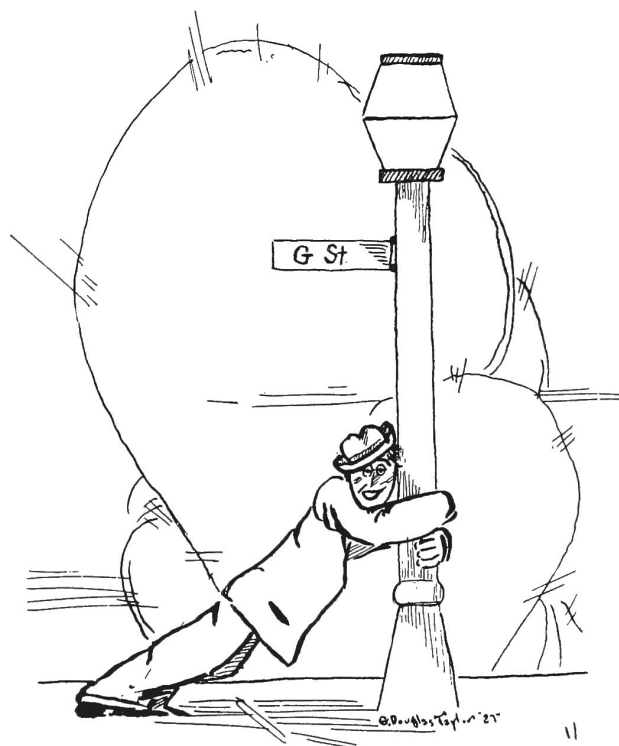
The house was dark and the party had settled into complete coma a little later, and F. Stew Fitzcohen lay still insensible on the chaise-longue. Winthrop and Helen departed into the night, to a night club. . .

And so on, for reams and reams. . .

—S. E. J.

## — \* — WE CAN GUESS

What we would like to know is what would happen if a "walk home" girl who couldn't swim were taken for a canoe ride.



ACUTE ANGLE



THOSE BALMY DAYS ARE OVER

### THE FRAT MAN'S DILEMMA

*Blonde or brunette, brunette or blonde,  
 Which do I drag to-day?  
 Mary or Bess, Jane or Maude—  
 I'll have to give one away.*

*Shall I drag One, shall I drag Two,  
 Shall I drag Three or Four?  
 One for the game, one for the hop—  
 I really can't handle more.*

*A roommate for One, a teammate for Two—  
 And maybe a friend for Three;  
 If I can get all of this fixed up  
 Then I can keep Four for me.*

—M. L.

### WE HOPE SO

Sealskin is now fashionable for ladies wear.  
 This is especially true among lady seals.

News Note: "Women of tomorrow will wear men's clothing exclusively." What a saving it will be for the men to wear their wives' hand-me-downs.

**O**NCE there lived a grouchy, dyspeptic old geezer who had loads of money. The old boy was just about ready to pass in his checks, and the kinfolks were all wondering how they would be remembered in the will. They all hoped to get a slice of it except Archie, who was the black sheep. Archie, however, was nobody's fool. He bought a copy of The GHOST and presented it to the old man, who thereupon became so happy that he tore up his old will and left his estate of \$109,000 to Archie. By subtracting the two bits which he paid for The GHOST, Archie is now \$108,999.75 to the good, and was able to buy the new car which we see below.



Hollolyon

Intimate picture of Archie  
 and his auto.

(Note: In case anyone should ask you, the next GHOST will appear about May 20, and will be called the "Children's Number.")

College Shoes  
 that are "Different!"

**Hahn**  
 Women's Shop

1207 F St.

And "Men's Shop" — 14th at G



THESE FIRMS ARE BOOSTING GEORGE  
WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY BY  
ADVERTISING IN

## *The Ghost*

The American Tobacco Co., Inc.  
Blossom Inn  
C. & P. Telephone Co.  
Wardman Park Hotel  
Edward Clothes  
The Co-Op Store  
Hotel Astor, New York City  
Edmonston Studio  
Paul Pearlman  
R. L. Quigley  
L. G. Balfour Co.  
The Terminal Press, Inc.  
Wm. Hahn and Company  
The Cleves  
Pearson and Crain  
Life Savers  
Bran Hughes' Orchestras  
Southern Engraving Co.  
College Humor

Mention The Ghost to Our  
Advertisers

C. A. Pearson Main 6977 D. C. Crain

G. W. U. CLASS RINGS

**PEARSON & CRAIN**

JEWELERS

— Extra Fine Die Work —

1329 F Street N. W. Washington, D. C.

**BRAN HUGHES'**

ORCHESTRAS

"FOR A SUCCESSFUL DANCE"

PHONE MAIN 5619

While the Cherry Tree pictures are being taken

**25% Discount**

from our regular prices will be made to all  
George Washington students on photographs

**EDMONSTON STUDIO**

610 13th Street N. W.

"While you are about it, get a good picture"

## AN OLD STORY

That Scotch instinct was present in Rome during the first century B. C. is shown by a reference to the taximeters in use at that time. Horse chariots were fitted with a device which released a small ball into a box every thousand steps taken by the horse, the number of balls being used to calculate the fare. The Scotch instinct came into play when canny travelers would wait for a horse with an extra long stride to come along.

—\*—

Girls kiss and make up because it rubs off.

—\*—

Co: "D'ju have a good time at the dance?"

Ed: "Yeh. Sat out all but one."

—\*—

Sambo: "Are all dese hyuh young folks married, boss?"

Isaac: "Sambo, you forget ve are in a collitch town."

—Princeton Tiger.

—\*—

"I hear that the new gym is to be of concrete."

"Looks like the alumni are using their heads."

—Bucknell Belle Hop.

—\*—

Frank: "I don't see how you can tell those Smith twins apart."

Hank: "That's easy. Mabel always blushes when she sees me."

—Princeton Tiger.

—\*—

Parson: "Brother Jones, does your daughter trust in God?"

Brother Jones: "She must, judging by the company she keeps."

—The Satyr.

—\*—

Ring: "How come the boss fired the tattooed man?"

Ling: "Said he had designs on his daughter."

—Illinois Sieren.

—\*—

He who pets and runs away may live to pet another day.



## A Sophomore's Soliloquy

© To Hamlets In Modern Dress ©



O call or not to call, that is the question—  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to write—  
And write—  
When speech, poured in the ears  
Of sympathetic listeners,  
Would still the pangs of doubt—  
Discouragement—and woe.  
This sea of troubles—this welter of woe—  
I'll end it all. I'll hie me hence—  
To a telephone—  
And there unload on the folks at home—  
These trials and tribulations.

They'll understand. The next time you want  
to knock old man gloom for a goal—think  
of the telephone. It won't fail you. & The  
rates after 8:30 P. M. are very low.

Telephone Home!

The CHESAPEAKE AND POTOMAC  
TELEPHONE COMPANY

# George Jean Nathan

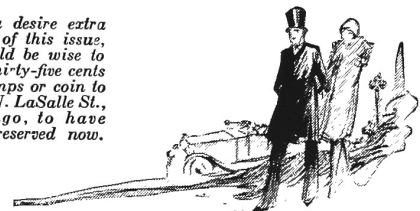
The feature of the next, the April issue, is the first of a series of articles by George Jean Nathan. It carries on a collaboration with H. L. Mencken, some years ago.

Very directly and with no chicanery whatever it lists a great number of different articles in the philosophical faith of the American people—ranging from the doctrine that the philoprogenitive instinct in rabbits is so intense that the alliance of two normal ones is productive of 265 offspring in one year, to the doctrine that if one puts a hair from a horse's tail into a bottle of alcohol it will in due time turn into a snake.

The New American  
CREDO

All of it done in the sparkling manner that has for so long a time been associated with that sparkling name, *George Jean Nathan!*

If you desire extra copies of this issue, it would be wise to send thirty-five cents in stamps or coin to 1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, to have them reserved now.



## CollegeHumor

At All News-stands, the First of Every Month





"pretty smooth  
like  
Half and Half"

Quality

15¢

THE FIRST DIFFERENT SMOKING TOBACCO IN A GENERATION